68 PAGES

THE HEAP MEETS THE HORROR MASTER!

PSYCHO

MAY 1971

50¢

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FRANKENSTEIN!

A BIZARRE TALE OF THE MONSTER ... AS NEVER SEEN BEFORE!

LOVE WITCH!

STING OF DEATH!

AND MUCH . . . MUCH MORE!

BORIS -71

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Editor: SOL BRODSKY
Associate Editor: HERSCHEL WALDMAN
Artists: CHIC STONE, BILL EVERETT, ROSS ANDRU, MIKE ESPOSITO, SEAN TODD, DAN ADKINS, SERG MOREN.
Writers: GARDNER FOX, SINCLAIR RICH, MARV WOLFMAN, CHIC STONE, CHUCK McNAUGHTON
Cover: BORIS VALLEJO

FRANKENSTEIN PG 4
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MAN WHO STOLE ETERNITY PG 45
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FRANKENSTEIN BOOK II

CHAPTER ONE

THIS IS THE CONTINUATION OF MARY SHELLEY'S MASTERWORK OF INFERNAL CREATION, THE CLASSIC HORROR TALE OF THE MOST INFAMOUS CREATURE IN ALL LITERATURE, THIS IS...

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN, A YOUNG SCIENTIST CREATES A MONSTER, A HIDEOUS THING SEWN TOGETHER FROM CORPSES FROM DISSECTING ROOMS AND GRAVEYARDS, FINALLY FRANKENSTEIN GIVES HIS HIDEOUS CREATION LIFE BY MEANS OF GALVANISM, THE MONSTER ESCAPES AND FINDS EVERY MAN'S HAND TURNED AGAINST HIM.

LONGING FOR SYMPATHY, HATED AND HUNTED BY A WORLD HE NEVER WISHED TO ENTER, THE MONSTER TURNS UPON HIS CREATOR, AFTER THE MONSTER STRANGLES VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN'S BRIDE ON THEIR WEDDING NIGHT AN INCREDIBLE TREK BEGINS IN CENTRAL EUROPE AND ENDS IN THE ICE FLOWS OF THE ARCTIC.

IN THE VERY ***CEMETERY*** WHERE THE MONSTERS PREVIOUS VICTIMS ARE BURIED, THE CREATURE ***TAUNTS VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN!***

LATER, FRANKENSTEIN GLIMPSES THE MONSTER STEALING ABOARD A ***SHIP*** BOUND FOR THE ***BLACK SEA.***

SHEDULE
10 STOC
1850
RACT

TRACKING THE MONSTER THROUGH THE WILDS OF SIBERIA THE DRIVEN SCIENTIST DISCOVERS A ***NOTE.***

Frankenstein! Prepare! Your toils only begin, wrap yourself in furs and provide food, for we soon enter upon a journey where your sufferings will satisfy my everlasting hatred!

FRANKENSTEIN PUSHES ON THROUGH THE FROZEN WASTES OF THE ARCTIC NIGHT, HIS FOE IN ***SIGHT.***

HALF DEAD FROM EXPOSURE VICTOR IS PICKED UP BY A SHIP. HE RELATES HIS STORY TO THE SHIP'S CAPTAIN AND ***DIES.***

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN IS BURIED AT SEA... BURIED WITHOUT A SINGLE STONE TO MARK HIS RESTING PLACE...

...BECAUSE FOR FRANKENSTEIN THERE CAN BE NO REST...EVEN IN ***DEATH!***

AND SO, YOU TOO, VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN, ARE DESTROYED BY YOUR UNGODLY AMBITION...BUT IT IS ***TOO EASY!***

YOU SHOULD KNOW WHAT IT IS TO BE ***ME*** ...A HIDEOUS ***THING,*** FORCED TO WANDER FOREVER ALONE WITH EVERY MAN MY ***ENEMY!***

AM I TO BE THOUGHT THE ONLY CRIMINAL WHEN ALL HUMANKIND SINNED AGAINST ***ME?*** YOU HATED ME, VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN BUT YOUR ABHORANCE CANNOT EQUAL THAT WHICH I REGARD MYSELF!

NOW YOU GO TO ***REST,*** TO ***ESCAPE*** WHAT YOU HAVE DONE? ***NO,*** IT SHALL ***NOT*** BE!

Script and Pencilling by: SEAN TODD • Inked by: DAN ADKINS

DEAD YOU MAY BE, HERR DOCTOR, BUT THIS CLIMATE WILL KEEP YOU NICELY, OH MY CREATOR... MY DOCTOR OF THE DEAD!
HA, HA, HA! WE ARE TOGETHER AT LAST, MY WRETCHED "PARENT" AND WE SHALL NOT BE EASILY PARTED!
WHEN I DISCOVERED THAT YOU, THE AUTHOR OF MY EXISTENCE AND ITS UNSPEAKABLE TORMENTS DARED TO HOPE FOR HAPPINESS...
THAT WHILE YOU HEAPED WRETCHEDNESS AND DESPAIR UPON ME, YOU SOUGHT YOUR OWN ENJOYMENT IN FEELINGS AND PASSIONS FOREVER BARRED FROM ME...
...THEN IMPOTENT ANGER AND BITTER INDIGNATION FILLED ME WITH THIS INSATIABLE THIRST FOR VENGEANCE!
I HAVE ENDURED SUCH TOIL AND MISERY I CREPT ALONG THE SHORES OF THE RHINE... I HAVE DWELT MANY MONTHS IN THE HEATHS OF ENGLAND AND THE BARREN HILLS OF SCOTLAND, I HAVE ENDURED INCALCUABLE FATIGUE AND COLD AND HUNGER... ALL THAT TIME I NEVER DARED HOPE FOR THIS!
NOW I HAVE YOU AND I HAVE A PLAN!
SHELTER AHEAD, FRANKENSTEIN! THOUGH ITS WARM FIRE WOULD SURELY BE YOUR RUIN THERE IS HUMAN ENOUGH LEFT IN ME TO ENJOY IT!
IN TRUTH, VOSKY, IT IS SO BITTER COLD OUT THERE THE SNOW BEASTS FREEZE BEFORE WE CAN REMOVE THE PELT!
YAH! HERE TAMRIF, VODKA TO WARM--
WHAT'S THAT?!

IIEEE! SUCH A THING CANNOT BE!
IT IS THE ABOMINABLE SNOW CREATURE OF THE LEGENDS!
SMASH!
WOULD YOU TURN A NEAR FROZEN TRAVELER AWAY FROM YOUR FIRE?!
WHAT SO CHILLS YOUR HEART, TRAPPER? WOULD YOU NOT HAVE MY PELT ALSO?
THAT POOR MAN! YOU'VE GOT...PUT HIM DOWN BY THE FIRE AND BACK AWAY!
IS IT NOT OBVIOUS THAT MY BURDEN NO LONGER HAS NEED OF SUCH MORTAL COMFORTS?
BACK AWAY!
AWAY!
FOOLISH HUMANS! HE WILL KEEP MUCH BETTER OUTSIDE!
YOU FAIL TO REALIZE IT IS I WHO REQUIRE THE WARMTH OF YOUR FIRE!
BLAM! BLAM!
CRASH! THUD! THUD! UGH ARGH! THUD!
THERE WAS A TIME WHEN I SOUGHT THE KINSHIP OF YOUR KIND...NOW REVENGE SUITS MY TASTE BETTER!

AHH! WHAT, MASTER, NO MORALIZING ON THE DIGNITY OF MAN, THE SANCTITY OF HUMAN LIFE? HEH, HEH!
YOU ARE TOO MUCH AT PEACE WITH YOURSELF VICTOR, I SHALL ATTEND TO THAT!
I TRUST YOU'LL NOT TIRE QUICKLY, MASTER.
YOU ARE AN EASIER BURDEN IN DEATH THAN YOU EVER WERE IN LIFE, VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN!
WERE YOU CAPABLE OF WEARINESS YOU WOULD NOW REJOICE MASTER OF MINE...
...WE ARE NEARLY HOME!
THE WEEKS PASS AND EVEN THE FROZEN ARCTIC WASTES COME TO AN END...
AH, FRANKENSTEIN! IF YOU COULD BUT SEE THE PROUD HOUSE OF YOUR ANCESTORS NOW! THE CURSED PLACE OF MY BIRTH IS BUT A RUIN!
YET STILL THIS UNHALLOWED PLACE OOZES WITH A CREEPING EVIL INFINITELY STRONGER THAN THE FIRES THAT SCORCHED ITS ROCKS AND THE AXES THAT SPLINTERED ITS ROTTED TIMBERS!

THE LABORATORY!
CURSED CRADLE OF HORROR!
APPARENTLY THE VILLAGERS FEAR WOULD NOT ALLOW THEM TO LINGER HERE LONG ENOUGH TO COMPLETELY DESTROY YOUR MONSTROUS MACHINES!
I RECOGNIZE THESE DEVICES... I RECALL THEIR FUNCTION FROM MY TIME HERE. THEY CAN BE REPAIRED.
ALL THIS INFERNAL APPARATUS, THE INSTRUMENTS OF YOUR DESPICABLE CRIME AGAINST ME SHALL ONCE AGAIN SURGE WITH LIFE GIVING GALVANISM!

THE HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN SHALL BE SPLIT AS UNDER ONE LAST TIME... ONLY THIS TIME THE OBJECT OF THE SHRIEKING ELECTRIC BOLTS WILL BE YOU, HERR DOCTOR!
ELIZABETH! SHE WOULD SEE LITTLE IN YOU NOW TO BRING FORTH THE FIRE THAT FORMERLY WARMED HER GIRLISH HEART DOCTOR!

YOU HAVE SPOILED MORE THAN I HAD ANTICIPATED!
AS YOU ONCE ROBBED CRUMBLING GRAVES AND COLD MORTUARY SLABS IN ORDER TO CREATE ME...

...SO SHALL I GO FORTH AT NIGHT ON THESE SAME GRIM MISSIONS, ON YOUR BEHALF!
IT ITH YOU! I KNEW THEY COULDN'T KILL YOU! I WAITED!

EGOR!
YETH! YETH, MATHTER!
YOU CALL ME MASTER WHEN ONCE YOU SERVED FRANKENSTEIN... ONCE TORMENTED ME?
YOU HAVE DESTROYED THE MATHTER. NOW YOU ARE MATHTER. I WAIT ONLY TO SERVE YOU!
IT IS WELL YOU ARE HERE, EGOR, YOU WILL PROVIDE ME WITH THE ER... MATERIAL I REQUIRE TO RESTORE FRANKENSTEIN TO LIFE!
THE DEAD! OH, NO!
OH, YES, EGOR!
:CHOKE: YES, MATHTER!
AND SO THAT VERY NIGHT EGOR SET HIMSELF THE GHOULISH BUSINESS OF GRAVE ROBBING!
BUT IT WAS NEVER ENOUGH, HIS NEW MASTER DEMANDED STILL MORE BODIES, FRESHER BODIES!
HOLTZER MORTUARY
THE QUIET VILLAGE NEVER NOTICED THE OCCASIONAL LIGHTS IN THE RUINED CASTLE, WEEKS DRAGGED INTO MONTHS, FINALLY...
WE ARE READY, EGOR!
LIKE THAT OTHER NIGHT, MATHTER... YOUR NIGHT! AS THEN, THE STORM IS IN FULL FURY!
THEN OPEN THE TOWER DOORS! IT IS TIME FRANKENSTEIN JOINED THE UNDEAD!

AS THE LONG DEAD BODY OF VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN IS RAISED TO THE LIGHTNING LASHED TOWER ROOF, THE FURIOUS STORM INCREASES ITS WRATH!
ALL CONTROLS SET TO MAXIMUM!
CHERISH YOUR LAST MOMENTS OF PEACEFUL DEATH, FRANKENSTEIN!
IT IS NOW WITHIN MY POWER TO MAKE YOU SO WRETCHED THAT THE VERY LIGHT OF A DAY WILL BE HATEFUL TO YOU!
ZZZZSSST
MATHTER! THE EQUIPMENT, IT IS OVER-LOADING!
MORE POWER, EGOR! MORE POWER!
KABOOM!
TORN OUT OF THE TUMULTUOUS NIGHT SKY BY THE SURGING GALVANIC GENERATORS LIGHTNING BOMBARDS THE CASTLE...
RRRUMMMBBBBBLLLE!
MATHTER! THE CASTLE IS COLLAPTHING! IT IS THE CURSE OF THE HOUSE OF FRANKEN-STEIN! IT STRIKES AGAIN, MATHTER! FLEE!

SILENCE AFTER THE FURY OF THE STORM. A LONE FIGURE STIRS...
GGROWRRR!
THE WEAK MOONLIGHT SEARS UNCOMPREHENDING EYES... EYES OF AN AWAKENING THING!
VAGUE MEMORIES STIR... PEOPLE, VILLAGE... HELP FOR AN ACHING BODY NOT HIS OWN!
YYIEEEEEE
P...P..PLEESSE... HELLP... MEE... P...PLEEESE...

P...P...PLEESE... H...HELLP...
KRUGER INN
SKOL! THE STORM HAS PASSED AND WITH IT THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF THE CURSED FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER! LET US CELEBRATE!
SOMEONE AT THE DOOR!
COME IN, NEIGHBOR, WE'RE CELEBRAT-
NO!
P...PLEESE H...H...HELLP... M...MEE... YOU...KNOW... MEE...I'M...
THE MONSTER!
YAAAHHAAGH!

NO!...THE REFLECTION IN THE WINDOW...IT...IT'S ME!
NO! NO! LISTEN TO ME...
KILL! KILL!
DESTROY IT!
STOP! I'M VICTOR FRANK-
AARGH!
BURN THE MONSTER!
I KNOW WHAT MUST HAVE HAPPENED... HE FOUND ME!
HE DID THIS TO ME! IT'S HIS REVENGE!
KILL!
BURN
DESTROY THE MONSTER!
HE WANTED ME TO KNOW WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO BE HIM!
AND GOD HELP ME LIKE HIM...
I CAN NEVER DIE!
GAAAHH!
THOK!

STOP, KURT! CAN'T YOU SEE THE THING HAS BEEN HACKED TO PIECES!
B-BUT THE PIECES... THEY KEEP MOVING!
SUCH A GHASTLY EVENT! IT'S JARRED YOUR SENSES, KURT!
IT STILL LIVES! ;SOB<
YES, YOU BUMBLING PEASANT... IT STILL LIVES!
LIVES WITHOUT SPEECH, WITHOUT SIGHT, OR HEARING BUT ALIVE AND WRITHING WITH PAIN!
SO FRANKENSTEIN, ONCE MY PUPIL AND LATER MY COLLABORATOR LIVED TO CREATE A SECOND MONSTER!
FEAR NOT, THING OF DARKNESS, I DOCTOR PRETORIUS WILL MAKE YOU WHOLE ONCE AGAIN!
YOU WILL HAVE ANOTHER BODY! YOU WILL LIVE TO SERVE PRETORIUS!
HEH, HEH, HEH!
MATHTER... ;CHOKE<
SO THIS IS THE END OF IT ALL... OF VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN AND CREATION!
BUT WAIT! THERE IS THE SLIGHTEST SHADOW OF MOVEMENT THROUGH A CHINK IN THE MASSIVE MOUNTAIN OF RUBBLE, THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER LIVES!
NEXT ISSUE CHAPTER TWO—

MEN LABOR AND SWEAT IN THE TROPICAL HEAT OF AN HISPANIOLA NIGHT, AS SPADES AND SHOVELS DIG DEEP INTO THE ROTTING EARTH OF AN ALMOST FORGOTTEN GRAVE-YARD! OVERHEAD, THE MOON BEAMS PALE SILVER SHAFTS DOWN AT THESE UNNAMED VIOLATORS OF THE LAST RESTING PLACE OF AN UNMENTIONABLE HORROR THAT HAS LONG SINCE BEEN PUT TO REST.
DIRECTING THESE OPERATIONS IS DON MIGUEL FUENTES DE CORDOBA, ADMIRAL OF THE OCEAN SEAS FOR HIS MAJESTY, THE KING OF SPAIN. IN THE HEART OF DON MIGUEL LIVES HATE--AND HATE ALONE--FOR THAT CARIBBEAN PIRATE WHO PREYS ON THE PLATE SHIPS AND RICHLY LADEN GALLEONS OF KING PHILLIP. YET THERE IS A WEAPON DON MIGUEL CAN USE AGAINST HIS ENEMY. AN AWFUL WEAPON--A FRIGHTFUL TOOL TO HIS HAND. DON MIGUEL IS UNEARTHING...
A COFFIN for CAPTAIN CUTLASS
AHA! NOBODY'S DISTURBED IT!
BIEN! BIEN! NOW SHALL CAPTAIN CUTLASS--THAT INFERNAL SON OF THE DEVIL--SUFFER THE AWFUL FEAR OF THE UNKNOWN!
MY PUNISHMENT FOR HIM IS JUST, BUT--MONSTROUS!
CARRY IT LIGHTLY, CARRY IT SAFE--FOR IF THAT COFFIN BE BROKEN OPEN--
WE SHALL ALL PERISH MOST MISERABLY!

Script by: GARDNER FOX • Art by: SERG MOREN

TO THE HISPANIOLA SHORELINE HIS MEN CARRY THAT AWFUL THING--AND THERE THEY SWING IT INTO A WAITING LONGBOAT...

THAT WHICH BEARS-NO-NAME LIES ***INSIDE*** IT. IT SEEMS SAFE ENOUGH--FOR THE ***LEAD*** KEEPS IT PRISONED WITHIN FOR ALL ETERNITY.

OR UNTIL SOMEONE ***OPENS*** THAT SARCOPHAGUS!

AND ***I*** SHALL BE THAT ONE--WHEN I FIND ***CAPTAIN CUTLASS***, CURSE HIS NAME!

LONG AFTER DAWN, MILES AWAY ACROSS THE BLUE WATERS OF THE SPANISH MAIN, A DRIFTING WRECK OF A GREAT SHIP LIES AT THE MERCY OF THE TIDES...

THOSE THREE SPANISH SHIPS ALL BUT ***SANK*** US!

WE'LL BE LUCKY TO MAKE ***PORT*** SO WE CAN REPAIR THE VENTURE!

AND ON ITS SHELL SHATTERED POOP DECK...

CAPTAIN, WILL WE ***SINK*** BEFORE WE REACH LAND?

OUR TIMBERS ARE ***SOUND***, LADY MIRIAN! ALL I ASK IS A ***WIND*** TO FILL OUR SPIRITSAIL!

IT WAS A SORRY DAY FOR YOU WHEN I ***RESCUED*** YOU FROM THAT SPANISH ***PLATE*** SHIP, LADY MARIAN. YOU'VE SEEN NOTHING BUT ***FIGHTS*** AND MEN ***DYING*** EVER SINCE!

WHEN YOUR FATHER ***COMMISSIONED*** ME--A LADY OF TITLE BUT IMPOVERISHED --TO COME TO THE ***SPANISH MAIN*** AND SEEK YOU OUT--IT WAS ***YOU*** WHO ***RESCUED*** ME!

BUT THE WIND IS WEAK AND THEN TOWARD MIDDAY...

CURSE THE LUCK! A SPANISH ***WAR*** GALLEON BEARING DOWN ON US WITH ALL SAILS SPREAD!

WE'LL GO ***DOWN*** LIKE THE ***BUCCANEERS*** WE ARE!

SO I DID THAT WHICH I WAS ***PAID*** TO DO!

AYE, YOU BROUGHT ME FATHER'S ***MESSAGE*** THAT ALL WAS FORGIVEN AND THAT I SHOULD COME HOME!

BUT IT LOOKS AS THOUGH WE'LL BOTH GO DOWN TO DAVE JONES' ***LOCKER*** WITHOUT EVER SEEING HOME AND ENGLAND AGAIN!

THE GREAT GALLEON VEERS CLOSE. IRON GRAPNELS SWING THROUGH THE AIR. A BOARDING PARTY LANDS ON THE DECK PLANKS OF THE VENTURE...
YOU'VE KILLED MY MEN! YOU'VE ALL BUT SCUTTLED MY SHIP!
COME ON, THEN! KILL ME AS WELL!
AND SO CAPTAIN CUTLASS--BORN DAVID CUTLER OF THE SUSSEX CUTLERS--FIGHTS BITTERLY--SAVAGELY--GRIMLY...
AT LEAST, LADY MARIAN'S SAFE BELOW DECKS WHERE I SENT HER!
THEY MAY NOT FIRE THE SHIP--IN WHICH CASE, AN ENGLISH SHIP MAY PICK HER UP AND TAKE HER HOME AGAIN!
NO MAN CAN USE A CUTLASS AS THE PIRATE CAPTAIN WHO BEARS THAT NICKNAME...
STAB MY VITALS! DON'T TELL ME ONE MAN CAN HANDLE THE LOT OF YOU!
WE'RE UNDER ORDERS NOT TO SLAY YOU, CAPTAIN!
AN ACCURATELY THROWN BELAYING PIN BRINGS HIM DOWN...
KLAAAKK!
OHHH!
THE ADMIRAL WANTS TO TAKE YOU ALIVE!
GREETINGS, CAPTAIN CUTLASS. AS YOU HAVE PREYED ON SPAIN--SO NOW I PREY ON YOU!
I HAVE BROUGHT YOU THE MOST AWFUL DEATH I CAN IMAGINE!
I HAVE SENTENCED YOU TO DIE BY THAT WHICH LIES WITHIN THAT LEAD COFFIN!
ALL RIGHT, MEN--PRY LOOSE THE LID AND LET THAT-WHICH-MAY-NOT BE-NAMED. HAVE THIS MAN TO FEAST UPON!

FROM THE SAFETY OF HIS OWN POOP DECK, THE ADMIRAL TAUNTS HIS ENEMY...
LONG YEARS AGO, THE THING IN-THE COFFIN PREYED ON THE PEOPLE OF HISPANIOLA! NO MAN KNEW FROM WHENCE IT CAME--OR WHAT IT WAS! THEY ONLY KNEW IT WAS SPAWN OF THE DEVIL!
AND NOW--YOU SHALL COME FACE TO FACE WITH IT!
THE MINUTES SLIP BY, AND NOW THE VENTURE DRIFTS ALONE UPON THE OCEAN SEA. AND THEN--THE LID OF THAT STRANGE COFFIN BEGINS TO RISE...
WHAT HORROR LIES INSIDE IT?
PRAY THE GOOD LORD--IT DOESN'T GET LADY MARIAN AS WELL!
UP FROM THAT LEADEN CASE RISES A BEING OF UTTER HORROR, IMBUED WITH SOME SATANIC FORM OF LIFE...
WHA--WHAT IS IT?
IT LOOKS LIKE A MAN'S CORPSE--HALF ROTTED--PARTLY TURNED TO VEGETABLE!
THE ADMIRAL WAS RIGHT! ONLY THE DEVIL COULD HAVE MADE THAT AWFUL THING!
ON LURCHING FEET, THE APPALLING APPARITION THUMPS ACROSS THE DECK--ONLY TO HAVE ITS ATTENTION DIVERTED BY...
MY GORD!
AAAGHHH!
NO! IT...IT'S THE UGLY MESS OF JOHNNY DEVOE--ALIVE!
THE SPANISH LEFT HIM FOR DEAD--AND WOULD TO THE GOOD LORD HE WAS!
AAAAAAGHHH!

THE LIMP, BONELESS THING WHICH WAS A MAN, LIES SHRUNKEN ON THE DECK AS THE NAMELESS ONE TURNS ITS ATTENTION TOWARD CAPTAIN CUTLASS...
IT'S COMING FOR ME NOW!
HAIRY, DECAYING PAWS REACH OUT...
IT'S GOING TO SUCK OUT MY BONES AND FLESH-- THE WAY IT DID WITH JOHNNY!
AND THERE'S NO ESCAPING IT!
THEN--THE TOUCH OF COLD STEEL AGAINST HIS BOUND WRISTS ALERTS THE BUCCANEER TO--RENEWED HOPE...
I ALMOST DIED OF FRIGHT WHEN I SAW THAT THING!
I DON'T KNOW HOW I HAD THE COURAGE TO... FREE YOU!
YES, YOU DID, LASS. AND--YOU BROUGHT A PISTOL WITH YOU!
BUT PISTOL BALLS DON'T HURT IT! I DON'T THINK IT CAN BE KILLED-- THEY WAY I'D KILL A MAN!
BLAAM!!!
BACKWARD-- EVER BACKWARD INTO THE BOWELS OF THE SHIP THE HORROR PURSUES ITS PREY...
THERE IS NO WEAPON TO BE FOUND DOWN HERE! I DAREN'T USE THAT LANTERN TO TRY AND SET IT AFIRE--BECAUSE THE SHIP ITSELF WOULD GO UP IN FLAMES!
BUT... WAIT!

WITH HERCULEAN STRENGTH, THE PIRATE HEAVES UP A WATERCASK AND FLINGS IT...
THIS MAY HURT IT--IN SOME WAY! IT'S HALF DECOMPOSED SO MAYBE WATER WILL!
AN AWFUL SCREAM RINGS OUT...
GGGGYAAAAAAAAA
THE THING FLEES BACK TO ITS LEADEN COFFIN...
I'LL LOCK IT INSIDE ITS COFFIN ONCE MORE!
THEN I'LL TRY AND SAIL THAT SHATTERED HULK TO PORT ROYAL!
BLESSED WITH CALM WEATHER AND A FAVORING WIND, THE VENTURE LIMPS INTO PORT ROYAL, WHERE CAPTAIN CUTLASS SETS UP PRIVATE QUARTERS FOR LADY MIRIAN AND THEN SEEKS OUT AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE, THE ALCHEMIST RHODOLPHUS MAGNUS...
IN HIS TINY SHOP ALONG A BACK STREET THE ALCHEMIST PERFORMS AN ANCIENT RITUAL...
ARISE, FOUL SPIRIT --AND SPEAK WITH ME! TELL ALL OF YOURSELF--AND BE QUITE FREE!
I WAS THE INDIAN CACIQUE CATAQUETL! LONG AGO THE SPANISH KILLED ME BECAUSE I COULD NOT TELL THEM WHERE GOLD WAS--AND THREW MY BODY IN A PIT!
"THE CHEMICALS IN THAT PIT AND THE SUNLIGHT GAVE ME A KIND OF VEGETATIVE LIFE. I ROAMED THE ISLAND OF HISPANIOLA SLAYING ALL I MET...
"UNTIL THE PRIEST THREW HOLY WATER ON ME! I BURNED--FAINTED--AND WAS PLACED INSIDE A LEADEN COFFIN, THERE TO REMAIN UNTIL THE ADMIRAL DUG ME UP..."

THEN--SOME WEEKS LATER IN THE NEWLY REPAIRED "VENTURE" CAPTAIN CUTLASS SETS SAIL FOR THE SPANISH PLATE SHIPS...
WE'LL ALL BE RICH MEN IF WE SIGHT THOSE GALLEONS!
IN HIS STERN CABIN LIES A GREAT LEADEN COFFIN...
UNDER A TARPAULIN ON HIS FOREDECK IS HIDDEN A STRANGE WEAPON FOR A PIRATE VESSEL...
ONE DAY THE LOOKOUT IN THE CROW'S NEST SIGHTS --THE FLAGSHIP OF THE SPANISH ADMIRAL!
SAIL HO!
CAPTAIN CUTLASS IS NOW READY FOR ACTION...
OFF WITH THAT TARP! YOU OTHERS--RUN AND FETCH THAT COFFIN IN MY CABIN!
MINUTES AFTERWARD THE MIGHTY CATAPULT HURLS THE LEADEN COFFIN ACROSS THE SURGING WAVES...
NO NEED TO MAN THE CANNON, BOYS! I'M MERELY RETURNING A GIFT TO DON MIGUEL!
BOOOMMMM!

IT SHATTERS ON THE SPANIARD'S MAIN DECK, AND...
KRAAAKKK
MADRE DE DIOS! WHAT CAN IT BE?
SCREAMS OF HORROR AND TERROR RISE UP FROM THE GILDED GALLEON AS...
ADMIRAL! ADMIRAL! WHAT SHALL WE DO?
CAN NOTHING KILL IT, ADMIRAL?
BRING PAILS OF WATER! IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO KILL IT!
IN VAIN ARE PAILS OF WATER THROWN UPON THE SHIBBOETH...
ALWAYS WATER HAS WORKED! BUT NOW--IT DOESN'T HARM THAT DEMON THING IN THE LEAST POR DIOS! THE THING IS GOING TO KILL US ALL--
EVEN ME!
SOON THE SCREAMS SINK TO BUBBLING MOANS AS THE CORPSE-MAN FEASTS...
CRUNCH!
CRUNCH!
WHILE ON THE "VENTURE"...
NOW WE'LL FIRE A BROADSIDE TO SINK THAT GALLEON--AND DESTROY THAT THING FOREVER!
THE SPELL RHODOLPHUS MAGNUS GAVE IT TO PROTECT IT FROM WATER HAS DISSIPATED NOW!

CANNON FIRE SINKS THE SPANISH GALLEON-- AND WITH IT THAT STRANGE LIFE FORM FROM THE GRAVE...
MAY THE SEA TAKE HIM--WHO NEVER KNEW PEACE IN HIS LIFETIME! NOR EVEN IN HIS DEATH, FOR THAT MATTER!
I ONLY PRAY FOR HIS SAKE AND MINE THAT HE IS DEAD!...
...AND SO THE ROTTED BEING NOW DISSIPATES IN THE SEA WAVES... THE ODORS OF DEATH PERVADE ALL, LEAVING A LINGERING WARNING THAT EVIL NEVER DIES. WHO KNOWS IF THE FRAGMENTS OF THE CREATURE MIGHT THEMSELVES REGENERATE AND MENACE THE WORLD!
SERG MOREN

HORROR SHOWS ITSELF IN MANY GUISES, FROM THE STARK REALITIES OF THE PHYSICAL UNIVERSE TO THE MYSTERIOUS UNKNOWN WORLD OF THE SUPERNATURAL. WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THESE TWO SCHOOLS CLASH HEAD ON?
THE HEAP MEETS THE HORROR MASTER!
MY MIGHTY CIRCLE OF THE UNDEAD SHALL WIN THIS BATTLE!--
ALL THIS EVIL SHALL BE SET LOOSE --- AND THEN WE SHALL TAKE OVER THE WORLD!!

Script by: McNAUGHTON and ANDRU • Art by: ANDRU and ESPOSITO

YOUR FESTERING, BLOATED PAIN-WRACKED BODY DRIVES YOU INCESSANTLY ON, ALMOST OBLITERATING THE MEMORY OF YOUR FEVERED QUEST. YOU WERE TRYING TO FIND THE HOME OF PROF. MONTGOMERY ELLIOT, HOPING HE CAN CHANGE YOU BACK TO WHAT YOU ONCE WERE---AN ORDINARY MAN NAMED JIM ROBERTS---
BUT NOW, EVERY SEEPING CELL OF YOUR TUMOROUS FORM SHRIEKS WITH THE PAIN AND ANGER OF HUNGER, AS YOU BLUNDER ONWARD---
FOOD-- NEED FOOD!
YOUR EYES MADLY SCAN THE FOREST FOR ANY TELLTALE SIGN OF LIFE--
WANT MEAT! RAW MEAT!!
SUDDENLY YOU COME UPON IT! DIRECTLY IN YOUR PATH--- PINNED BENEATH A FALLEN TREE TRUNK---
A DEER--- TRAPPED!!
YOU START FORWARD, YOUR DRIPPING, DROOLING MAW QUIVERING IN ANTICIPATION---
SSLURSSH
AND THEN YOU HEAR IT! THAT ALL-TOO-FAMILIAR SOUND---
?!!
AN AIRLINER BEARING SOUTH, SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE BARREN MOON---
AND YOUR MIND RACES BACK TO THAT DAY WHEN IT ALL HAPPENED, WITH BEAUTIFUL, TREACHEROUS AUDREY WAVING GOODBYE, AS YOU TOOK OFF ON YOUR LAST CROP SPRAYING ASSIGNMENT.
HURRY BACK!
LATER, BABE!

YOU REMEMBER HOW SUDDENLY THE CONTROLS FAILED---
YOU RELIVE THAT SUPREME MOMENT OF AGONIZING FEAR WHEN YOU PLUNGED INTO THE TANKS OF ARMY NERVE GAS--
YAAAAAAAGH
RUDDER-- DEAD!!

YOUR RELENTLESS HUNGER BRINGS YOU BACK, AND IMPELLS YOU FORWARD AS YOU GAZE INTO ITS SOFT, BLACK HELPLESS EYES.

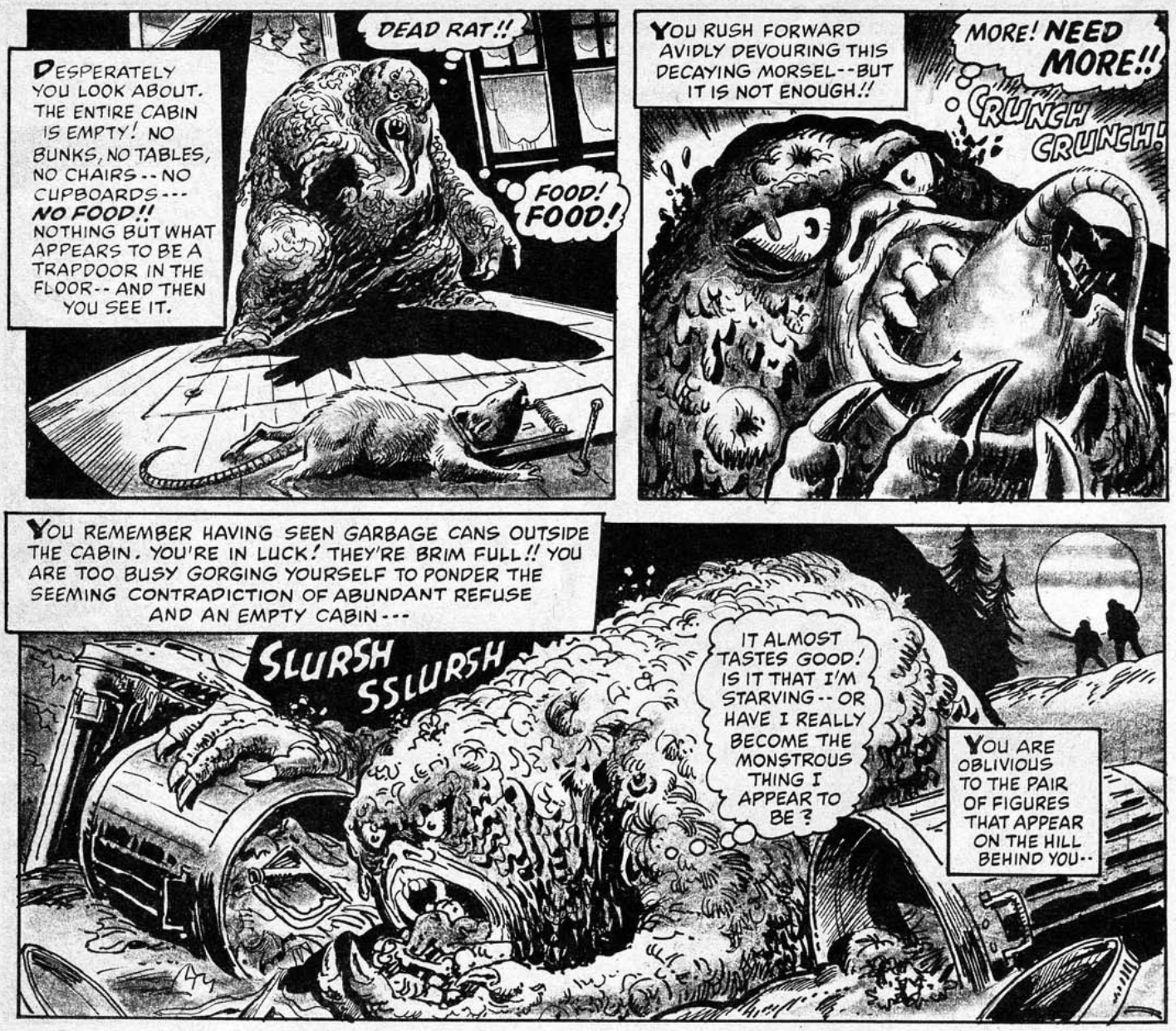
YOUR FESTERING CLAW-LIKE HANDS REACH OUT---

AND FREES IT!
GO-- RUN!! -- QUICKLY -- BEFORE I WEAKEN AND---
YOU KNOW WHAT FEAR AND PAIN ARE. YOU CANNOT INFLICT IT ON ANOTHER HARMLESS CREATURE---

SO THE GOOD IN YOU STILL LIVES--- THE SPARK OF HUMANITY STILL GLOWS. BUT WHAT HAS IT GOTTEN YOU? YOU'RE HUNGRIER AND MORE DESPERATE THAN EVER.

BUT EVEN THE WORST OF TIMES MUST COME TO AN END AND THERE BELOW YOU, NESTLED AT THE FOOT OF A HILL ---
A CABIN!! THERE COULD BE FOOD!!

RUSHING MADLY DOWN THE SLOPE, YOU THROW ALL CAUTION TO THE WINDS--- RIPPING THE SOLID OAKEN DOOR OFF ITS HINGES IN YOUR FRENZY---
OH NO--- NO!!
IT'S EMPTY!!
CRASH!


DESPERATELY YOU LOOK ABOUT. THE ENTIRE CABIN IS EMPTY! NO BUNKS, NO TABLES, NO CHAIRS -- NO CUPBOARDS --- NO FOOD!! NOTHING BUT WHAT APPEARS TO BE A TRAPDOOR IN THE FLOOR -- AND THEN YOU SEE IT.
DEAD RAT!!
FOOD! FOOD!
YOU RUSH FORWARD AVIDLY DEVOURING THIS DECAYING MORSEL -- BUT IT IS NOT ENOUGH!!
MORE! NEED MORE!!
CRUNCH CRUNCH!
YOU REMEMBER HAVING SEEN GARBAGE CANS OUTSIDE THE CABIN. YOU'RE IN LUCK! THEY'RE BRIM FULL!! YOU ARE TOO BUSY GORGING YOURSELF TO PONDER THE SEEMING CONTRADICTION OF ABUNDANT REFUSE AND AN EMPTY CABIN ---
SLURSH SSLURSH
IT ALMOST TASTES GOOD! IS IT THAT I'M STARVING -- OR HAVE I REALLY BECOME THE MONSTROUS THING I APPEAR TO BE?
YOU ARE OBLIVIOUS TO THE PAIR OF FIGURES THAT APPEAR ON THE HILL BEHIND YOU..
UNTIL -- YOU FEEL THE IMPACT OF THE TRANQUILIZER PELLETS ---
I KNEW THAT DECOY OF GARBAGE CANS WAS BOUND TO ATTRACT THE RENEGADE GRIZZLY!
POW POW
YOU TRY TO RUN BUT THE DRUG IS TAKING ITS TOLL.
FEET GETTING NUMB.
IT DOESN'T MOVE LIKE A GRIZZLY -- WHAT HAVE I BAGGED?
LEGS CAN'T MOVE -- I'M -- FALLING!
WELL!! WHAT MONSTROUS SPAWN OF HELL -- WHAT MAGNIFICENTLY EVIL-LOOKING CREATURE HAVE WE HERE?
HE THINKS I'M SOME KIND OF AN ANIMAL! GOT TO MAKE HIM UNDERSTAND!

THE NUMBNESS SEEPS UP INTO YOUR ARMS AS YOU VAINLY STRUGGLE TO PUSH BACK THE ROARING IN YOUR HEAD AS YOU PAINFULLY ETCH YOUR TESTIMONY IN THE SNOW---

I AM NOT WAS A MAN

SO *YOU* WERE ONCE A *MAN!* A BLOATED *HEAP* SUCH AS *YOU!?!*--- --YOU RESEMBLE MORE MUD AND *GARBAGE!*

HOW ASTOUNDING! I AM CALLED THE *HORRORMASTER!* I TAKE GREAT INTEREST IN ALL *MACABRE* THINGS!

BUT MATTERS ARE PRESSING ELSEWHERE. I LEAVE YOU IN THE CARE OF MY FAITHFUL SERVANT---

AND AS THE ROAR OF THE ABYSS OF NOTHINGNESS BEGINS TO OVERWHELM YOUR SENSES, YOU SEE A FACE AND FIGURE REACH OUT TO YOU FROM THE SHADOWS-- A ROTTING FACE AND BODY AS HIDEOUS AND MONSTROUS AS YOUR OWN---

THIS IS *IMIR!* HE HAS SERVED ME WELL THROUGHOUT THE YEARS!

WHEN HE WAS ACCIDENTALLY KILLED, I REWARDED HIS LOYALTY BY GRANTING HIM EVERLASTING LIFE! THE *LIFE OF THE LIVING DEAD!*

HE WILL TAKE PROPER CARE OF YOU. *HA HA HA HA!*

YOU SINK ENDLESSLY DOWN INTO VELVET BLACKNESS AND SUDDENLY THERE YOU ARE--- BACK WHEN THINGS WERE *DIFFERENT*--- WHEN YOU WERE YOUR OLD SELF, BACK THERE WITH *PROF. MONTY ELLIOT* AND *LAURIE*--- SWEET, UNPRETENTIOUS *LAURIE!* HOW GOOD, HOW PLEASANT IT WAS! AND YOU TOOK IT ALL FOR *GRANTED!*

DAD! TELL HIM TO *STOP!!* I JUST CHANGED! YOU'RE GETTING ME ALL WET--- JIM ROBERTS! STOP IT-- YOU *MONSTER!*

HA HA HA!

WITH LAURIE'S HARMLESS TAUNT ECHOING IN YOUR HEAD, YOU'RE WRENCHED BACK INTO THE *NOW*--- TO A FESTERING MIND AND BODY AND TO YOUR SURPRISE.

CHAINED TO THE WALL---

A PRISONER!!

A GRUESOME SIGHT MEETS YOUR GAZE. CUBICLES HEWED IN THE ROCK WALLS, EACH CONTAINING THE REMAINS OF A CORPSE. MOLDERING DENIZENS OF EXOTIC PLACES, OTHER TIMES---

WHAT AM I DOING IN THIS ROOM WITH *THEM?*

THERE BEFORE YOU STAND THE HALF-ROTTED, HALF-MUMMIFIED REMAINS OF THE MOST EVIL AND DEPRAVED HUMANS IN HISTORY, IMBUED WITH THE COLD FIRE OF THE LIVING DEAD---**ZOMBIES** MUTELY WATCHING, WAITING FOR THE UNHOLY PURPOSE FOR WHICH THEY WERE RESURRECTED---

LUCRETIA BORGIA-- MURDERESS, POISONER -- DABBLER IN SORCERY..
ATTILA THE HUN-- DREADED MONGOL PILLAGER.
RASPUTIN;-- MAD MONK. EVIL POWER BEHIND THE CZAR OF RUSSIA'S THRONE.
CALIGULA -- MAD, CRUEL AND REMORSELESS, MOST FEARED OF THE ROMAN EMPERORS.
TAMMERLAINE-- DESTROYER OF CITIES, THE CONQUEROR WHO BUILT A PYRAMID OF HUMAN SKULLS.
ILSE KOCH-- TWISTED FEMALE EXECUTIONER OF A NAZI CONCENTRATION CAMP, MADE LAMPSHADES OF HUMAN SKIN.
GILES DE RAIS--FRENCH NOBLEMAN WHO DRAINED THE BLOOD OF HUNDREDS OF CHILDREN AND THEN DRANK IT.
RICHARD III-- TREACHEROUS, WITHOUT CONSCIENCE, ENGLAND'S MOST WICKED KING.

THE GROANING FACE OF ANCIENT ROCK FORMS TINY ZIG-ZAG RIVERS OF CRACKS AND THEN SUDDENLY EXPLODES IN A TORRENT STONE---
CRACK!

YOU HAVE SUCCEEDED IN WRENCHING OFF ONE MENACLE WHEN IMIR'S SWORD IMBEDS ITSELF DEEPLY IN YOUR SHOULDER, SO FIRMLY HE CANNOT WITHDRAW IT.
THWOK

NO MATTER. YOUR FLESH IS NO LONGER HUMAN. IT DRAWS NO BLOOD. THE NEW PAIN YOU FEEL IS NOTHING COMPARED TO THE THROBBING, FESTERING PAIN THROUGHOUT YOUR ENTIRE BODY. YOU RESPOND INSTINCTIVELY.

YOU WITHDREW THE ANCIENT SWORD. FOR A MOMENT YOUR VISCOUS FLESH RESISTS-- PARTS-- THEN CONGEALS AGAIN-- LEAVING NO MARK.
SQUNK
IMIR IS DESTROYED. HE SHALL NEVER WALK THIS WORLD AGAIN. YOUR THOUGHTS TURN TO OTHER MATTERS.
THERE MUST BE A WAY OUT OF HERE.
YOU FOLLOW A WINDING CORRIDOR. THE SIBILANT SOUNDS OF CHANTING GROW EVER LOUDER. THEY SEEM TO ORIGINATE FROM BEHIND THAT DOOR.
OHWEII-
AANAAS
AANAAT-
INSIDE, BEFORE A RECLINING CORPSE, STANDS THE ROBED FIGURE OF THE HORROR MASTER, PERFORMING A GHASTLY RITE.
SHABIZ
SHAMAR
IIM
SHAMAT
THE RHYTHM OF THE WORDS IS ALMOST HYPNOTIC. A SHIVER OF FEAR MIXED WITH EXCITEMENT TRAVELS DOWN YOUR SPINE AS YOU GAZE TRANSFIXED--- UNABLE TO MOVE, AND, AS THE HORROR MASTER BEGINS HIS FINAL INVOCATION, THE LIFELESS FIGURE STIRS AND ITS BODY SLOWLY BENDS UPRIGHT.
IN THE NAME OF ALL THAT IS EVIL, IN THE NAME OF ALL THAT IS UNHOLY, IN THE COUNTLESS NAMES BOTH KNOWN AND SECRET OF THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS---
I COMMAND THEE TO RETURN FROM THE WORLD OF THE DEAD... TO RE-ENTER THY BODY AND RISE! RISE! I COMMAND THEE TO RISE!!
THAT FACE!
WHERE HAVE I SEEN IT BEFORE?

YOU LOOK INTO THE FACE OF THAT THING RISEN FROM THE DEAD AND YOU REMEMBER THAT FACE YOU HAD SEEN IN BOOKS AND NEWSREELS-- THE ROTTING FACE OF ***ADOLPH HITLER***, THE BESTIAL LEADER OF NAZI GERMANY.

IF HE ***REALLY*** HAS SUCH POWER OVER LIFE AND DEATH, PERHAPS HE CAN HELP ***ME***, PERHAPS WITH HIS KNOWLEDGE OF THE ***OCCULT***, HE CAN TRANSFORM ***MY BODY*** BACK TO THE WAY IT WAS!

THE ***HORROR MASTER*** TURNS AND APPROACHES...THE CEREMONY IS OVER. HE POINTS AT YOU. HIS EYES FILLED WITH DEMONIC HATRED---

YOU HAVE BLASPHEMED ON TWO COUNTS, YOU WALKING MOUND OF PESTILENCE! YOU HAVE SEEN A RITUAL FORBIDDEN TO OUTSIDERS AND YOU HAVE ***DESTROYED IMIR!***

YES, I SENSED IT HAPPENING BUT COULD NOT STOP THE RITUAL! NOW I SHALL TEACH YOU THE ***TRUE MEANING OF DEATH*** AND THEN YOU SHALL FIRST DISCOVER FEAR.

YOU ARE SHAKEN WITH FEAR AND DESPAIR. SICK AND TIRED OF THIS NIGHTMARE YOU CALL YOUR LIFE. SICK OF THE HORRIBLE PRISON OF STINKING FLESH THAT ENVELOPS YOU. YOU PROSTRATE YOURSELF AND TRACE YOUR DESPERATE PLEA IN THE DUST AT HIS FEET---

THE ANGER IN HIS EYES TURNS TO CUNNING. THE HORROR MASTER LAUGHS MALICIOUSLY---

HA HA HA! VERY WELL! IT IS IN MY POWER TO DO WHAT YOU ASK. YOU SHALL REGAIN YOUR FORMER APPEARANCE, IN RETURN FOR WHICH YOU SHALL SERVE ME AS *IMIR* DID. ***HA HA HA HA HA!***

AND WHEN YOU DIE ***YOU*** SHALL BECOME ONE OF THE ***LIVING DEAD*** -- AS IMIR WAS. BUT FIRST YOU MUST PROVE YOUR WORTHINESS--

AND SO YOU ARE ON YOUR WAY TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD WITH TWO ZOMBIES FOR COMPANIONS. YOU HAVE EMERGED FROM THE TRAP DOOR IN THE CABIN WHICH SERVES AS THE ENTRANCE TO THE CRYPT-LIKE CHAMBERS BELOW---

STRANGE HOW EASY IT IS TO GROVEL WHEN ONE IS ***DESPERATE!***

THERE IS TO BE A SPECIAL SACRIFICE TO THE GOD OF DARKNESS TONIGHT. A RITUAL THAT WILL GIVE THE HORROR MASTER A NEW AND GREATER POWER OVER EVIL. A RITUAL SACRIFICE THAT REQUIRES THE LIVES OF A MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD AND THE PARTICIPATION OF THOSE DEAD AND EVIL THINGS THAT STAND WAITING IN THEIR CUBICLES.

YOU OBEDIENTLY FOLLOW THE ZOMBIE CORPSES OF HITLER AND ILSE KOCH. THEY SEEM IMPELLED BY SOME INVISIBLE COMMAND THAT LEADS THEM TO THE HOUSE AHEAD.

WE MUST BE THERE

THEY BURST IN UPON THEIR VICTIMS, SEIZING THEM, DRAGGING THEM FROM THEIR BEDS.

LET GO-- LET GO--! WHAT IS THIS?

FRED-- FRED HELP!

THAT LEAVES IT UP TO YOU TO TAKE THE CHILD. THE FEAR AND REVULSION IN HER EYES DEVASTATES YOU.

MOMMY-- MOMMY!!

YOU EMERGE TO SEE A STRUGGLE BEING WAGED BETWEEN THE LIVING AND THE DEAD. THE STRUGGLE OF INNOCENCE AGAINST EVIL. IT IS CERTAIN WHO MUST WIN.

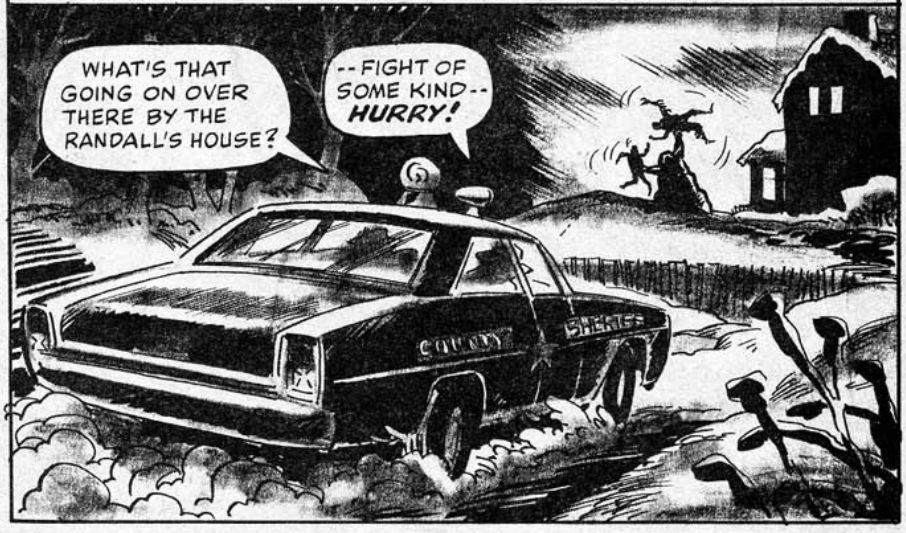
GWEN-- HOLD ON-- I'M COMING--!!

FRED!

YOU REALIZE SUDDENLY THAT YOU CANNOT BE A PART OF THIS GHASTLY DRAMA. YOU RELEASE THE CHILD AND START FORWARD TO AID THE LIVING. BUT IT IS ALREADY TOO LATE--- ONE LIFE IS LOST.

THE HORRID FOULNESS YOU SEE IN THESE MONSTERS IS REFLECTED IN YOU. YOU SEEK TO RID YOURSELF OF IT. YOU TURN ON THEM, SHAKING WITH HATRED AND LOATHING---

AND AT THAT MOMENT, JUST UP THE ROAD, THE LOCAL SHERIFF AND DEPUTY ON THEIR NIGHTLY ROUND ARE GREETED BY A GRISLY SCENE.



THE PATROL CAR SCREECHES TO A HALT TO AVOID THE MOVING SHAPE BEFORE IT, AND FOR A FLEETING MOMENT, YOU ARE CAUGHT IN ITS BEAMS AS YOU MAKE FOR COVER!

WHATEVER IT WAS, IT KILLED FRED RANDALL! BUT I CAN'T FIGURE HOW THESE OTHER TWO BODIES IT TORE APART FIT INTO THE PICTURE! THEY LOOK LIKE THEY'VE BEEN DUG UP FROM SOME GRAVE!
WE'LL NEVER GET IT OUT OF THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER! POOR SOULS!! LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE BEEN DRIVEN CLEAR OUT OF THEIR MINDS!
PUT OUT AN "ALL-POINTS" BULLETIN! THAT HEAP OF SOMETHING HAS GOT TO BE FOUND AND DESTROYED!

THE VERY FORREST SEEMS PART OF A CONSPIRACY TO SLOW YOU DOWN IN YOUR EFFORT TO REACH THE ***HORROR MASTER***. YOU ARE IMPATIENT NOW, IN A HURRY TO HAVE IT OVER AND DONE WITH. HE ***KNOWS*** WHAT HAS HAPPENED, JUST AS HE KNEW IT WHEN YOU DESTROYED IMIR. NOW HE SHALL DESTROY ***YOU***. SO BE IT! BUT ONE THING IS CERTAIN ---

THERE HE IS--JUST AS YOU EXPECTED. WAITING FOR YOU WITH HIS HONOR GUARD OF EVIL, GRIM, SILENT, UNMOVING. YOU PLUNGE FORWARD RECKLESSLY, ALMOST EAGERLY TOWARDS YOUR DOOM.

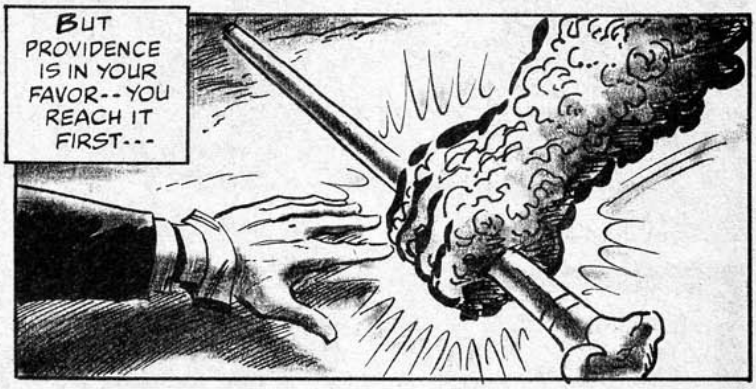
THE HORROR MASTER RAISES HIS MYSTIC CANE AND IN MUTE RESPONSE TO AN UNSPOKEN ORDER-- THE CAPTIVE DEAD SURGE FORWARD---
O, THING THAT WAS ONCE A MAN-- RELISH YOUR LAST MOMENTS OF LIFE! *YOUR DOOM IS SEALED!*

YOU ARE ENVELOPED BY A MASS OF COLD AND PUTRID BODIES. THEY TEAR AT YOU AND REND YOUR OOZING FLESH. BUT THE RED HAZE OF BURNING HATRED CLOUDING YOUR EYES BLOTS OUT THE SENSATION OF PAIN. YOU GIVE YOURSELF UP TO THE LUST AND PLEASURE THAT YOU FEEL IN THIS ORGY OF CARNAGE AND DESTRUCTION.

THE CIRCLE OF ATTACKING BODIES GROWS RAPIDLY THINNER AS YOU INEXORABLY SMASH AND PULVERIZE THEM ONE BY ONE.

AND THEN IN A FLASHING MOMENT OF INTUITION AND INSTINCT YOU SUDDENLY THROW THE MANGLED REMAINS OF YOUR FINAL ANTAGONIST AT THE STUNNED HORROR MASTER, DAZED BY THE UNEXPECTED TURN OF EVENTS AND THE SUDDENESS OF YOUR VICTORY---

BUT PROVIDENCE IS IN YOUR FAVOR--YOU REACH IT FIRST---



YOU BREAK IT IN HALF..

THIS CANE WILL NOT AID OR PROTECT YOU NOW!

HE SCUTTLES FOR THE CABIN DOOR HOPING TO MAKE IT BACK DOWN TO THE SAFETY OF THE CHAMBERS BELOW, BUT YOU ARE THERE BEFORE HIM---

AND NOW THE TABLES ARE TURNED---

HEAR MY THOUGHTS, HORROR MASTER! NOW IT IS I WHO WILL DESTROY YOU.

IN PANIC AND BLIND FEAR THE HORROR MASTER TURNS AND SCRAMBLES UP THE MOUNTAIN SLOPE. YOU FOLLOW.

HALFWAY TO THE TOP, YOU CLOSE THE GAP, YOU GRASP YOUR NEMESIS ---

AND NOW, *HORROR MASTER-- YOU* RELISH YOUR LAST MOMENTS. *YOUR DOOM SEALED!*

IN THE ENSUING STRUGGLE, THE SNOW LEDGE BENEATH YOU GIVES WAY AND YOU START TO TUMBLE DOWNWARD---

RRRRRRUMBLLE

WITHIN SECONDS, YOU ARE BOTH ENGULFED IN AN AVALANCHE OF SNOW--

AND WHEN THE SOUND AND FURY SUBSIDE IN THE VALLEY BELOW, SILENCE REIGNS---

THE GREY LIGHT OF DAWN FILTERS INTO THE SKY WHEN YOU MANAGE TO PUSH YOUR WAY OUT OF THE DEBRIS OF ICE AND SNOW.

I--AM-- STILL-- *ALIVE*---

YOU HAVE PREVAILED! YOU HAVE SURVIVED THE COLD HORRENDOUS NIGHT. SOMEWHERE UNDER TONS OF ICE AND SNOW LIES THE FROZEN BODY OF THE *HORROR MASTER*. LITTLE DOES HIS SORCERY AVAIL HIM NOW.

THAT EVENING AT THE COMFORTABLY-MODERN SECLUDED RESIDENCE OF PROFESSOR ELLIOT---

SOMETHING WRONG, PUSS? YOU LOOK SAD.

NOT REALLY, DAD--- WELL, MAYBE A LITTLE!

I WAS JUST THINKING OF JIM ROBERTS FOR SOME REASON. HE NEVER DID ANYONE ANY HARM. IT'S A SHAME THE WAY HE DIED.

I GUESS YOU NEVER REALLY *KNOW* WHAT YOU CAN EXPECT FROM LIFE.

To Monty and Laurie Jim

IF LAURIE ONLY KNEW HOW REALLY UNEXPECTED LIFE CAN BE. FOR OUTSIDE---

THERE IT *IS!* I KNEW I WAS HEADING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION!

End

THE ELLIOTS AND THEIR HOME HOLD MANY PLEASANT MEMORIES FOR JIM ROBERTS-- BUT YOU ARE THE *HEAP* NOW. CAN YOU BEAR THE LOOK OF LOATHING AND HORROR ON THEIR FACES WHEN THEY SEE YOU? CAN MONTY ELLIOT HELP YOU TO BEGIN WITH? *CAN ANYONE?*

NEXT: THE **HEAP'S** DESTINY!

PSYCHO DELIVERY

The HEAP! What can I say, there just isn't anything else like it. I see it spinning off into its own magazine before you can say PSYCHO. That cover was fantastic! I don't recognize the artist, but, whoever he may be keep him going. The Heap is truly a beautiful creature. Actually I can't decide who is more attractive, the Heap, or the girl he shares the cover with. Don't let anyone steer you wrong, the Heap is the greatest character to come along in years. If the Heap doesn't make waves in the horror field, nothing will.

Paul Cogan
Los Angeles, Calif.

The cover artist for Psycho No. 2 was the talented Hector Varella.

The Heap just knocked me over. I had been reading the other horror mags but the problem was that there was nothing there to make you really come back, but the Heap! Oh, if the Heap continues as you say it will, it will be the greatest invention in horror mags as long as I have been following them. Accolades to Andru and Esposito for their great work and also to scripter Chuck McNaughton. Keep up the fine job.

John Borno
Providence, Rhode Island

We welcome the praise being bestowed upon the Heap, but other mail has been coming in quite favorably on the rest of the magazine as well. However, the Heap it seems, has made quite a splash.

Okay, I'm a buyer of Psycho. I like it, and I think it will get better as time goes by. However, a few comments if I may. The Heap was good, but I would like to see him treated with a bit more detail. Looks to me as if some of the tone was lost, as in some cases he had it and others looked bare. Katz and Buckler are a great team. Also Giacoia and Katz are a real winning combination. Keep them at it with every issue. Palmer, Todd and Stone are real winners and you can't go wrong with Adkins' inking. The stories are pretty good. Here again, I think you'll get stronger as time goes by. I feel you guys know what you're doing and will correct any flaws you might have at this point.

Robert Finkel
No. Hollywood, Calif.

We're also sure that if a few flaws show , you'll be the first to let us know about them.

Just picked up PSYCHO #2 and couldn't wait to get this letter off to you. You're doing a fine job for a new magazine but I would still like to see some changes. As concerns the HEAP, which I'm sure you're getting tons of mail on, it's the greatest explosion in horror mags and I'm writing you a separate letter of praise just on that. I would, however, like to see greater variation in your art work. You should try an artist like Gray Morrow or Ernie Colon who really work up some interesting techniques. You should also attempt more interesting page layouts. Many of your artists I think, are a little to used to the conventional panel breakup of the comic books. I've been following with enthusiasm your covers on NIGHTMARE and PSYCHO. Boris Vallejo is extremely good but don't keep him too busy because your covers will then lack variation which is very important. Improved variation is what my main criticism really is. Your content is excellent and let me say your story-line is by far the best in the business.

Robert Nichols
Buffalo, N.Y.

We feel stories are just as important as art, and therefore worth as much time paying attention to.

Great! Great! Great! What more can I say. The HEAP is the greatest thing to come around in years. Forget the competitors, they don't have anything that compares with this. Whose ideas was it? Please, I beg of you, don't stop it whatever you do. Don't stop the HEAP! Keep it coming and at the rate you're going you'll knock everything else out of the field. PSYCHO is the greatest mag of its kind!

Donald Gorin
Seattle, Washington

All we can say is . . . Thanks HEAP'S.

Psycho #2 is without doubt the most interesting horror mag I have ever read. The art work as usual was great but I believe it's the story line that really puts your mag way ahead of anything else. Dream Planet was a fantastic story to which anything in any other horror mag could never compare. To Laugh, Perchance to Live, I have no doubt will be reprinted in other mags because it will become a great classic beasties tale. Your editors are really doing a great job. And now to get to the important part of my letter. Let the Heap be praised forever and ever for it is no doubt one of the greatest characters to have ever been invented. It's a piece of genius and only goes to prove how great your editorial department is. In my estimation, the Heap alone could sell your mag so why not make it a mag of its own. Keep up the great work you're way ahead of everybody else.

Steve Lubin
New York, N.Y.

Thanks, Steve, it's letters like yours that makes it all worthwhile to us.

I just read PSYCHO #1. WOW! It is even better than NIGHTMARE #1. The cover was gorgeous. Gorgeous! The two stories I liked best (concerning story and art) are "The Skin and Bones Syndrome" by Gray Morrow (try to keep him) and "The gruesome faces of Mr. Cliff." Who drew that story? One thing I do not like of your mags is that you do not show the names of the writers and artists on each story. You do not even tell us the name of the cover artist. Is it Vic Perzio? In the future, try to get better artists. Since you know Jim Steranko please have him do a few covers and perhaps some sword and sorcery tales as well. I will keep in touch.

Yours truly,
Richard Charron
Quebec, Canada

As you can see, with this issue we are giving credits to all the writers and artists. The cover you refer to was done by a very talented guy named Brendon Lynch.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We wish to express our thanks to all of you for the overwhelming mail response to our last issue. Space did not allow for any more than one letter page, but we will expand this section beginning with PSYCHO #4. Meanwhile, keep those PSYCHO-deliveries coming in.

PSYCHO-delivery
18 East 41st Street Rm. 1501
New York, N.Y. 10017

SOMETIMES GETTING A HAIRCUT IS NOT THAT EASY! ASK JEFF... HE KNOWS ABOUT THE...
GRUESOME CREWCUT!
I DON'T GIVE A TINKERS DAMN WHAT THE OTHER KIDS DO... YOU'RE MY SON AND YOU'LL DO WHAT I TELL YOU!
THE FIRST THING IN THE MORNING, YOU GET A HAIRCUT AND I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANOTHER WORD ABOUT IT!

Script and Art by: CHIC STONE

OH, JOE -- I WISH YOU WEREN'T SO HARD ON HIM! THIS IS WHAT CREATES A RIFT BETWEEN PARENTS AND CHILDREN!
AT LEAST YOU COULD HAVE TRIED TO REASON WITH HIM!
REASON!! YOU CAN'T REASON WITH YOUNG PEOPLE TODAY-- IT'S GOT TO BE THEIR WAY!! ALL THIS TALK ABOUT THE GENERATION GAP, BAH! THE ONLY GAP I CAN SEE LIES BETWEEN THEIR EARS!
LET'S FORGET IT, KAY. BY MORNING HE'LL REALIZE WE WERE RIGHT AND HE'LL GET HIS HIS HAIR CUT!

NOT SO, JOE-- FOR AT THIS MOMENT IN JEFF'S ROOM...
I'LL SHOW THEM... SOB... THEY'LL BE SORRY... I'M NOT GONNA GET A HAIRCUT... SOB... I'M GONNA RUN AWAY... I'M GONNA RUN AWAY TONIGHT!

AS SOON AS JEFF'S PARENTS WERE SOUND ASLEEP, HE PACKED A TRAVELING BAG AND SLIPPED OUT OF THE HOUSE INTO THE NIGHT...

JEFF WALKED FOR HOURS UNTIL HE FOUND HIMSELF ON A DARK, LONELY ROAD IN THE OUTLYING COUNTRYSIDE...
GOSH, IT'S SPOOKY AND EERIE... BUT I'M SO TIRED... I CAN HARDLY KEEP MY EYES OPEN! I'VE GOT TO LIE DOWN AND TAKE A NAP...

WITHIN SECONDS JEFF WAS ASLEEP, UNAWARE OF THE TWO OMINOUS FIGURES STANDING IN THE SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT--

YOU SEE, ARNIE-- I WAS RIGHT! ALL YOUR ANXIETIES AND FEARS ARE OVER... LOOK HOW IT GLISTENS IN THE MOONLIGHT!
IN A FEW MOMENTS IT'LL ALL BE YOURS!
HEE! HEE! MINE! ALL MINE! I WON'T HAVE TO BE ASHAMED ANYMORE!!
NO, ARNIE-- YOU'LL BE THE BEST GROOMED GHOUL IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD!
LET'S HURRY! I CAN'T WAIT!
THE SERENE NIGHT AIR IS SHATTERED BY TORTURED SCREAMS...
EEE!
AND IN THE EARLY MORNING HOURS ANGUISHED PARENTS RUSH TO ANSWER THE DOOR BELL IN THE HOPE THEIR RUNAWAY SON HAD RETURNED HOME...
R-R-R-RING!
...AND HE DID... WITH HIS MUCH NEEDED HAIRCUT!!
... AND IN A NEARBY DESERTED CRYPT...
HOW DO I LOOK, RUFUS? PLEASE TELL HE AND DON'T LIE TO ME!!
JUST GROOVY ARNIE... JUST GROOVY!
The END

I HAVE BEEN A THIEF ALL MY LIFE, PREYING ON THE WEAK AND HELPLESS. THE PEA-SOUP FOGS OF LONDON HAVE BEEN GOOD TO ME. I STRIKE SUDDENLY AND THEN ESCAPE INTO THOSE YELLOW MISTS. BUT ON AN APRIL NIGHT IN 1890, MY FATE WAS TO SINK ITS TALONS INTO ME... BECAUSE AS I SAW A TOFF AND HIS LADY--AND STRUCK HARD!--MY DESTINY WAS ALREADY TAKING SHAPE! I WAS ABOUT TO BECOME...
THE MAN WHO STOLE ETERNITY
OUR MAGIC MUSEUM ISN'T COMPLETE YET, DEAR. I-- GNNNGG!!
OHHHHH!
THUDD!
MY HAND STABBED OUT. DARK EYES BLAZED FURIOUSLY INTO MINE AS...
I'LL TAKE THEM BEAUTIES, LADY!
FOOL! THE POWERS OF DARKNESS PROTECT ME!
AND IT IS THOSE DARK POWERS THAT SHALL PUNISH YOU!

Script by: GARDNER FOX • Art by: BILL EVERETT

I RAN THROUGH THE MISTS TO A PUB...
I MADE A GOOD HAUL TONIGHT! THESE PEARLS MUST BE WORTH PLENTY!
PAH! THAT DAME WAS BONKERS WITH HER TALK OF DARK POWERS. ME GET PUNISHED? NOT LIKELY!
--THE GRINNING SKULL--WHERE A FENCE NAMED CHARLIE PEACE DID BUSINESS...
HOW MUCH, CHARLEY?
THESE'RE REAL PEARLS, MIKE--BUT 'ARD TO GET RID OF. TWENTY POUNDS AN' NOT H'A SHILLIN' MORE!
CHARLEY, YOU MEET LOTS OF FOLKS. YOU EVER HEARD OF A "MAGIC MUSEUM"?
I'LL SAY H'I 'AVE! 'IS NIBS THE H'EARL OF SOLREY OWNS H'IT. BIG PLACE 'E'S GOT--H'OFF GROSVENOR SQUARE!
YOU GOIN' TER BUST THAT PLACE, MIKE? IF YOU H'ARE, H'I GOT H'A CLIENT THAT WILL PAY PLENTY FOR WHATEVER YOU BRING OUT! PLENTY!
THOUGHTS RAN RIOT IN MY HEAD AS I WENT OVER MY PAST LIFE. AS A YOUNG BOY, I'D HELPED MY DAD STEAL BODIES FROM GRAVES FOR MEDICAL STUDENTS TO PRACTICE ON...
WHEN I'D GROWN OLDER, THERE WERE ALWAYS TOFFS AND SWELLS TO ROB IN THE LONDON FOGS...
I BEEN GOING FOR PEANUTS ALL MY LIFE. YEAH, I'M GOING TO BUST THAT SOLREY MUSEUM. FOR ALL IT'S GOT!
AN HUNNERD POUNDS H'OR MORE I'LL GET YOU. JUST FOR SOMETHING FROM THAT MUSEUM. YOU'LL BE H'A RICH MAN COME TOMORROW NIGHT, MIKE!

SOME NIGHTS LATER, I STOOD IN GROSVENOR SQUARE, MY EYES RUNNING OVER A BIG STONE MANSION...
IT'S A LEAD PIPE CINCH! I CAN CRACK THAT PLACE LIKE IT WAS A BABY'S PIGGY BANK!
AND I'M GOING TO!
A SLASH WITH A GLASS-CUTTER...A CLAMP OF A RUBBER SUCTION DISC ...AND THEN...
I WAS INSIDE THAT ROOM--AND STANDING IN A NIGHTMARE PLACE! FOR OUT OF MUMMY CASE AND OINTMENT JAR, FROM PILES OF SCROLLS AND AN INCENSE TRIPOD ROSE EERIE FIGURES...
MY GAWD-- WHAT'VE I GOT MYSELF INTO?
I TURNED TO RUN--TOO LATE! FOR THOSE THINGS CAME AT ME, LUNGING ALMOST TOO SWIFTLY FOR THE EYE TO SEE...
GOTTA--GET --AWAY!
CLAWED HANDS CAUGHT ME! FIENDISH FANGS BIT DEEP! CRUELLY CURVED TALONS SLASHED MY CLOTHES AND SKIN...
GORD HELP ME! HELP ME! OH MY GORD--THIS CAN'T BE REAL!

OVERPOWERED BY THOSE DEMONIAC PRESENCES I SANK DOWNWARD--**DOWNWARD!** NOT TOWARD THE FLOOR--THIS WOULD HAVE BEEN BLESSED PEACE!--BUT TOWARD A NETHER WORLD THAT OPENED MY EYES...
AAAAGHH!
NO, NO! IT **CAN'T** BE **REAL!**

I FELT THAT FIRE--THE AWESOME CHILL OF THAT OTHER-WORLD ICE! I WAS BURNED--AND FROZEN! I SCREAMED...
AAAGHHH!
AAAGHHH!

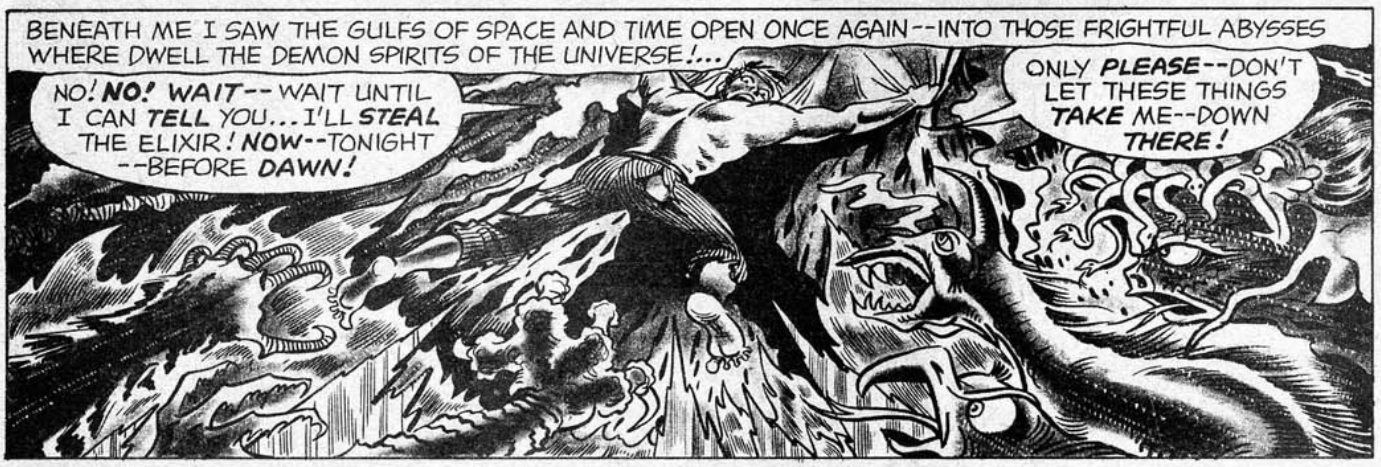
THEN LIGHT EXPLODED ALL ABOUT ME AS A VOICE CRIED OUT...
BEGONE, ANOTHOR! **DEPART,** NIXWIT! **LEAVE US,** ABADDON!
SAVE ME, PLEASE **SAVE** ME!

YOU AGAIN! I DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE YOU QUITE SO **SOON!**
LADY, I'LL GET YER **PEARLS** BACK! I **SWEAR** IT. BUT DON'T LET THEM THINGS **GET** ME AGAIN. I--COULDN'T --**STAND** IT!

YOU KILLED MY HUSBAND WITH THAT BRICK! I BURIED HIM THIS AFTERNOON.
I SHOULD TURN YOU OVER TO THE POLICE, BUT...
...IT MAY BE THAT I WOULD HAVE A USE FOR A THIEF!
THIS MAGIC MUSEUM IS ALMOST COMPLETE! I POSSESS STAR CHARTS AND MAGICAL FORMULAS FROM THE ANCIENT CHALDEANS, MASTERS OF MAGIC, I OWN THE BOOKS OF SIMON MAGUS OF CAGLIOSTRO, OF APOLLONIUS OF TYANA!
YET--THERE IS ONE THING LACKING!
I DO NOT HAVE THE ELIXIR OF LIFE WHICH WAS GIVEN TO ALTHOTAS THE MYSTERIOUS, MASTER ALCHEMIST--BY THE DEMON OPHIS!
YOU ARE A THIEF. YOU SHALL STEAL THAT ELIXIR FOR ME!
I AM A SORCERESS ACCOMPLISHED AS MELUSINE HERSELF! DENY ME THAT ELIXIR--AND I SHALL SUMMON UP THE DEMONS OF THE PIT TO DRAG YOU DOWN INTO THEIR EVIL LAND WHERE ICE AND FIRE ARE AS ONE!
THERE THOSE WICKED SPIRITS SHALL TORTURE YOU FOR TIME WITHOUT END--FOR ALL ETERNITY!
I BABBLED AGREEMENT IN MY FEAR. I WOULD HAVE PROMISED ANYTHING TO GET OUT OF THIS NIGHTMARISH HOUSE...
YES, LADY--YES! I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU SAY, I SWEAR IT!
YOU NAME IT, I'LL STEAL IT, I DON'T CARE WHAT IT IS!
THEN LISTEN CAREFULLY AND I SHALL TELL YOU HOW TO DO IT...
SHE GAVE ME THE DIRECTIONS--BUT WHEN I WAS OUT OF THAT MUSEUM, I FLED MADLY THROUGH THE DEEPENING FOG...
I DON'T WANT NOTHING TO DO WITH A DAME LIKE THAT!
I'M GOING HOME TO BED AND STAY THERE!

I FELL ASLEEP EXHAUSTED, BUT SOMETIME AFTER MIDNIGHT...
WAKE, MICHAEL MASON! WAKE, TO TASTE THE TORMENTS WHICH ONLY WE CAN BRING YOU!
HUNNH??

WITH DEMON FANG AND FIENDISH CLAW THEY FELL UPON ME...
AAAAGGGHH!


BENEATH ME I SAW THE GULFS OF SPACE AND TIME OPEN ONCE AGAIN--INTO THOSE FRIGHTFUL ABYSSES WHERE DWELL THE DEMON SPIRITS OF THE UNIVERSE!...
NO! NO! WAIT--WAIT UNTIL I CAN TELL YOU... I'LL STEAL THE ELIXIR! NOW--TONIGHT --BEFORE DAWN!
ONLY PLEASE--DON'T LET THESE THINGS TAKE ME--DOWN THERE!

INSTANTLY--I FOUND MYSELF WEEPING AND SOBBING LIKE A BABY ON THE COLD FLOOR...
SOB SOB
THEY-- THEY'VE GONE!

IT HAD BEEN NO DREAM! MY FLESH WAS CUT--SCRATCHED --BLEEDING! I KNEW THEN THAT I WOULD NEVER ESCAPE THE CLUTCH OF THE SORCERESS!...
I GOT TO OBEY THAT WOMAN--OR SHE'LL SEND HER DEMONS TO ME AGAIN--TO TAKE ME INTO THAT DEMONLAND OF THEIRS!
I COULDN'T STAND THAT! I'D GO CRAZY IN THAT PLACE!

I RAN THROUGH THE FOGGY NIGHT, INTENT ONLY ON FULFILLING THE NEEDS OF LADY SOLREY. AHEAD OF ME WAS THE HOUSE I WAS TO ROB --SMALL, ALMOST INSIGNIFICANT...

WON'T TAKE LONG TO CRACK **THAT** PLACE. GET IN A WINDOW --LOOK AROUND UNTIL I SEE THE VIAL--THEN **SWIPE** IT!

ONCE I DO THAT --I'LL GET THAT WITCHWOMAN **OFF MY BACK!**

I SLIPPED INSIDE THE HOUSE THROUGH AN UNLOCKED WINDOW AND PAUSED UNTIL MY EYES BECAME ACCUSTOMED TO THE DARKNESS WHICH WAS RELIEVED ONLY BY FAINT MOONLIGHT...

THERE IT **IS**-- IN THAT GLASS **CASE!**

I CUT THE GLASS CAREFULLY-- REACHED INSIDE. AND AS I DID SO...

HEY! WHA-- WHAT'S GOT **HOLD** OF ME?

FANGED HEADS TOWERED ABOVE! THE HISS OF SERPENTINE DEMONS EXPLODED IN MY EARS! FEAR PARALYZED MY EVERY MUSCLE...

GULP! OHHH-- **NO**

OUT OF THE SHADOWS DARTED OTHER SHAPES-- SHAPES I ONLY KNEW TOO WELL! --TO CLASH IN DEMONIAC BATTLE WITH THE REPTILIAN DEVILS.

I'M SO **SCARED** I CAN'T EVEN **YELL!**

BUT I CAN'T **STAY** HERE! SOONER OR LATER ONE OF THEM THINGS WILL GRAB **ME!**

IN SOME DEMON-WORLD, THIS FIENDISH STRUGGLE MIGHT HAVE TAKEN PLACE, BUT NOT IN LONDON! I TOLD MYSELF THIS BUT...
M-MY LEGS W-WON'T DO W-WHAT I WANT THEM TO!
I'M ROOTED HERE LIKE I W-WAS A PLANT!

A SCALY TAIL HIT ME, DROVE ME HEELS OVER HEAD...
WHAAAK!

I CLAWED A PATH TO THE OPEN WINDOW, HORROR FREEZING MY MIND AND HEART...
GOTTA GET AWAY... GOTTA GET AWAY... GOTTA GET AWAY...

THE LADY SORCERESS HAD SENT HER DEMONS TO PROTECT ME. I WANTED TO LAUGH BECAUSE IN THEIR AWFUL BATTLE THEY CAME CLOSE TO KILLING ME!
MAYBE THEY'RE HELPING ME TO GET OUT, SLAMMING INTO ME THIS WAY!
BUT THEY'RE LIABLE TO BREAK ME IN HALF AT THE SAME TIME!

I CRAWLED OUT THAT WINDOW AND RAN FOR MY LIFE! DAWN WAS A REDNESS IN THE SKY AS MY FOOTFALLS POUNDED ON THE COBBLED STREETS.
I D-DI-DID ALL THE WORK BUT THAT LADY SORCERESS IS GOING TO GET THE ELIXIR OF LIFE--THAT WILL LET HER LIVE FOREVER!
ME, I'M GOIN' TO GET --NOTHING!
UNLESS...
UNLESS I TOOK SOME OF THIS STUFF MYSELF!
AND WHY SHOULDN'T I?
I SURE WOULDN'T MIND LIVIN' FOREVER!
WITH A SHAKING HAND I LIFTED THAT VIAL, SIPPED...
WHAT HARM CAN IT DO?
SURE IS FUNNY TASTIN' STUFF. SOMETHING LIKE LEMON PHOSPHATE...
I CHECKED TO MAKE SURE I HADN'T DRUNK TOO MUCH, SO'S THAT LADY SORCERESS WOULDN'T GET SUSPICIOUS...
NAH! I JUST TOOK A LITTLE!
BUT I SURE WOULDN'T WANT HER TO SIC THEM DEMONS ON ME AGAIN!
APPARENTLY SHE HAD NO SUSPICIONS, FOR...
YOU'VE DONE WELL, MICHAEL MASON. NOW MY COLLECTION OF MAGICAL ARTIFACTS IS COMPLETE!
YOU MAY GO HOME NOW!
I WAS EXHAUSTED, DRAINED OF ALL ENERGY AS I WALKED HOMEWARD THROUGH THE MORNING MISTS...
I FEEL FEVERISH, HOT. MAYBE I'M CATCHIN' A COLD OR SOMETHING.
I GUESS I'D BETTER TAKE A HOT TODDY AND GO TO BED! I'M REALLY TIRED!

ALL THAT DAY AND THROUGH THE NEXT NIGHT I SLEPT AND SLEPT. IT WAS AS IF SOME STRANGE MALADY WERE WORKING IN MY VEINS. THEN WHEN THE FOLLOWING MORNING DAWNED...
I--CAN'T--MOVE!
SOMEBODY--PLEASE HELP ME. I JUST LIE HERE--HELPLESS...
WHEN NIGHT CAME, THE LANDLADY ENTERED MY LITTLE ROOM--BRINGING A DOCTOR WITH HER...
I'M AFRAID THIS MAN IS--DEAD!
BUT I'M NOT DEAD! I'M ALIVE!
I'M IN A COMA OR SOMETHING. I CAN SEE AND HEAR EVERYTHING AROUND ME--BUT I JUST CAN'T MOVE!
HELPLESS, I WATCHED AS I WAS DRESSED IN MY CLEANEST CLOTHES AND THEN PLACED IN A PINE BOX.
WE'LL BURY HIM IN POTTER'S FIELD, SINCE HE DOESN'T HAVE MUCH MONEY.
NO! DON'T BURY ME! I'M ALIVE... NOT DEAD! ALIVE! ALIVE!
IT CAME TO ME, EVEN AS MY COFFIN WAS BEING LOWERED INTO THE COLD, DAMP GROUND. I WAS AN --IMMORTAL! I COULD NEVER DIE! FOR ALL TIME I WOULD REMAIN HERE--BURIED ALIVE!--WHILE THE WORLD WENT ON ABOVE ME...
OH MY GORD--
AAAAGGHH!
TODAY--EIGHTY YEARS LATER--THERE IS A LEGEND THAT IN AN OLD GRAVEYARD IN LONDON, IF YOU LISTEN CLOSELY, YOU CAN HEAR A GHOSTLY VOICE WHIMPERING, CRYING OUT FOR HELP...AND PITY...
SOMEBODY...HELP ME... WON'T SOMEBODY GET ME... OUT OF HERE?
The END

THE ENRAGED SCARLET SKIES STREAK ACROSS THE TEMPLES OF STONEHENGE, COLUMNED AGAINST A PLACID HORIZON.
AN OMINOUS DOT APPEARS MANY MILES OFF IN THE DISTANCE... IT FLOATS CLOSER, MOVING SLOWLY- AS IF ABSORBING AN EVER-INCREASING LUST FOR HATE. FOR THIS DOT IS BURNICK...
FEARED BY ALL AS...
THE LOVE WITCH
TO ME, FRIJII- MY PET!
LET HELL'S FLAMES CONSUME YOU DREGS OF THE EARTH-- FOR THEY WHO DEFY THE LOVE WITCH--DIE!
TOGETHER, WE ARE INVINCIBLE! WE SHALL MAKE STONEHENGE TREMBLE!
IT IS SHE!
THE MISTRESS OF STONEHENGE!
YOU FOOLS! WE SHOULD HAVE DESTROYED HER PET AND FORGOTTEN OUR PRAYERS!

Script by: MARV WOLFMAN • Art by: JACK PURCELL

NO LONGER CAN WE BE MERE SLAVES TO BURNICK'S FANCY! REVOLT AND DESTROY BURNICK!
DESTROY BURNICK!
IMPUDENT ONES!! BURNICK CANNOT BE HARMED! SHE IS INVINCIBLE!
AAIEE!
PERISH, YOU FOOLS! MY CRIMSON FIRE WILL SEAR AWAY YOUR FLESH!
DIE! DIE! DIE!
STAY BACK, DAUGHTER OF THE DAMNED!
THERE IS NOWHERE FOR YOU TO HIDE, DRUID PRIEST! COME, LET ME CARESS YOU!
W-WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME, DAMNED WOMAN!

I CURSE YOU, WOMAN! I CURSE THE EVIL BEAUTY AND POWER OVER MEN WHICH WILL BE YOUR OWN DESTRUCTION! YOUR DREAMS WILL DESTROY YOU-AND YOU SHALL DIE HORRIBLY..
THE CHILL OF HIS WORDS GRASPED AT BURNICK'S THROAT...
LET US LEAVE THIS LAND OF INSANITY, FRIJI! IMAGINE THE FOOLS CHALLENGING ME!
AND YET- MY CHEST FEELS AS IF FIRE WERE SEARING IT AWAY...AS IF... HIS HATRED WERE- CONSUMING ME!
BUT ENOUGH! HOW GOOD TO RETURN TO MY NIGHT GROTTO! TOO LONG HAVE I BEEN FROM IT!
THROUGH THE EBONY SHROUD OF DARKNESS BURNICK FLIES TO HER OMINOUS NIGHT GROTTO.
PAST THE GROTESQUERIES THAT ONCE WERE HUMAN- BURNICK STRUTS DEFIANTLY- TOWARDS THE ROOM OF DREAMS...

THE WARM BREEZE OF SLEEP CARESSES THE ENTICING FIGURE THAT IS BURNICK, LULLING HER INTO THE REALM OF PEACE. BUT THEN, SUDDENLY, PIERCING THE NIGHT—
AAAIIAAGHH!
THAT SCREAM—FRIJI!
SOMETHING'S HAPPENING TO HIM!
AAAAIIH!
THE STENCH OF FRESHLY SPILLED BLOOD LEADS BURNICK TO THE CHAMBER OF MIDNIGHT, WHERE...
AWAY, WOMAN! HELL'S SERPENT WILL BE DESTROYED!
STOP! NO! NO!
AN ICY GLAZE OF HATE BURNS FIERCELY WITHIN BURNICK'S NARROW EYES AS SHE LEAPS MADLY TOWARDS THE WARRIOR—
IT IS DEAD—AS AN AUTUMN LEAF! AS YOU ALSO SHALL BE—LOVE WITCH!

"IT IS NOT I, LOVE WITCH, WHO SHALL FALL VICTIM TO TIME'S CRUELTY. RATHER- LOOK AT YOURSELF!"
NO! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME?!
I CURSE YOU, WOMAN! I CURSE THE EVIL BEAUTY AND POWER OVER MEN- WHICH WILL BE YOUR OWN DESTRUCTION!
AAAIIIAGH!
A DREAM! A DAMNED HELLISH DREAM!
A KALEIDOSCOPE OF CRUSHING EMOTIONS--AND BURNICK AWAKES!
-BUT IT WAS SO REAL...AS IF FORETELLING A FUTURE HORROR...AM I DOOMED TO PERISH SO IGNOMINIOUSLY!
HER THROAT CHOKING ON COLD FEAR, BURNICK TEARS HERSELF FROM THE ROOM OF DREAMS AND MOVES TO A DARKENED CORRIDOR...
HAG KREPS!
YOU MUST HELP ME! I AM PLAGUED WITH SINISTER NIGHTMARES!
NIGHTMARES? NONE CAN HAVE BUT PLEASURE IN THE ROOM OF DREAMS... COME LET US SEE WHAT AILS THEE-

A HUSHED WHISPER DESCENDS ON THE BLEAK, GRAY WALLS OF SKULL MOUNTAIN AS HAG KREPS BEGINS A LONG, FORGOTTEN INCANTATION...
NOSTHAMIS AGRANIA ATULAK TISOS BAALIA
UNVEIL YOURSELVES TO YOUR SERVANT.. DIRECT YOUR STYGIAN DARKNESS ON MY MISTRESS...REVEAL HER SOUL TO ME!
I SEE VEILED SHAPES- QUEER, UNEVEN FORMS!
ENOUGH! REVEAL THEIR MEANING!
DO NOT BE SO ANXIOUS, BURNICK- FOR WHAT I PERCEIVED WAS THE COLD SPECTER OF DEATH!
I SPOKE IN- TRUTH, BURNICK- I AM LOYAL, MISTRESS- LOYAL!
YOU HAG!! NOTHING THAT LIVES CAN KILL BURNICK! DO YOU HEAR ME? NOTHING!!
AAAH!

THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW ARE FRAUGHT WITH THE DARK NIGHTMARES BURNICK CAN CONJURE. THE MALES OF STONEHENGE FEEL THE NAKED HATRED LYING DEEP WITHIN THE HARD ROCK SOUL OF THE LOVE WITCH. NO MALE GOES UNNOTICED, NONE GO UNPUNISHED FOR CRIMES THEY HAVE NEVER COMMITTED.
AAAGH!
HA HA HA!!
SUDDENLY HE COMES-A NIGHTMARE WARRIOR RIDING AN IVORY UNICORN THROUGH A DANK AND MOONLIT NIGHT...
THE DOOMSMAN COMES TO CLAIM ME! BUT HE SHALL NOT-
MISTRESS-YOU LOOK TIRED-OLD... WHAT EVIL HAS CORRUPTED YOUR BEAUTY?
SILENCE! I AM STILL BURNICK!
-BUT HE SPEAKS THE TRUTH... MY WORRY OVER THE DOOMSMAN'S COMING HAS AGED ME...THERE CAN BE NO RECOURSE--THE WARRIOR MUST DIE!

DRY STONE FLOORS DRAIN THE BLOOD OF FRIJII AS MAN AND BEAST MEET ON A FIELD THAT CAN CLAIM ONLY ONE VICTOR... DEATH!
THIS IS NO TASK TO PROVE MY STRENGTH!
IS THIS THE BEST YOU HAVE, WOMAN? THIS-
THIS BEAST IS HOPELESS! HERE, WEAK KITTEN- DIE!!
FRIJII! MY PET! CURSE YOU, MORTAL! YOU DESTROYED HIM!
AND NOW YOU! THE ONCE YOUNG WOMAN AGES!
MY FACE- MY HANDS- I AM AGING- AGING BECAUSE OF YOU... BUT I MUST NOT AGE ANY LONGER...
"IT IS TOO LATE," HISSES THE WARRIOR- "THE FOUR HUNDRED YEARS OF YOUR LIFE ARE CATCHING UP TO YOU. YOU WILL DIE... HIDEOUSLY!"

IT MUSTN'T...THAT DAMNED NIGHTMARE IS COMING TRUE! AND IT MUSTN'T!
I COME TO CLAIM YOUR LIFE, BURNICK!
THESE LACKIES SHALL NOT DETER ME! THEY ARE WEAK, OLD MEN BENEATH MY SWORD-
-AND FALL- LIKE CHAFF BEFORE THE WIND!
BURNICK! I AM VICTORIOUS!!
PREPARE TO MEET YOUR DOOM!
"NEVER!" SCREAMS THE LOVE WITCH! "IT SHALL NEVER BE SO, WARRIOR, NEVER!"

THROUGH UNTOLD MASSES OF FIGHTING SLAVES, THE WARRIOR HACKS HIS WAY TO THE CHAMBER OF BURNICK, THE LOVE WITCH...
YOU ARE A BRAVE FOOL, WARRIOR-BUT YOU HAVE MET YOUR MATCH!
"FOR THERE IS NO MAN LIVING CAN RESIST THE KISS OF BURNICK-"
NO, LOVE WITCH-IT IS NOT I WHO SHALL FALL VICTIM TO TIME'S CRUELTY-LOOK AT... YOURSELF!
NO! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME?!
WHO ARE YOU, WARRIOR-AND WHAT DAMNED POWERS DID THIS THING TO ME?
POWERS? I HAVE NO POWERS, WOMAN- IT IS YOUR NIGHT-MARE COMING TRUE.
MY NIGHTMARE? HOW DID YOU KNOW OF--?
THE WAY I KNOW ALL DREAMS... FOR I AM MORPHEUS, GOD OF DREAMS...I FORCED THAT HELLISH NIGHTMARE ON YOU - IT BECAME REALITY TO YOU-YOU DID THE REST!

WOMAN- YOU HAVE LONG SCORNED THE DRUID PRIESTS OF STONEHENGE....
-BUT YOU'LL SCORN THEM NO MORE... YOUR BEAUTY AND YOUR IMMORTAL SOUL ARE HELL-BOUND!
-AND NOW I SHALL TAKE LEAVE....
NO, MORPHEUS- YOU SHALL NOT LEAVE.... 'TIL I COMMAND IT!
YOU ARE A FOOL, MORPHEUS. DID YOU THINK TO TRIUMPH OVER BURNICK SO EASILY? FAREWELL...FOOL....
".... AND... PLEASANT DREAMS!